



Eric Anders Benson

The Iceboat

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today I write your name

today I write your name, and long before should have been.
a deep burn, the sky opens,
my wound becomes a lifeless memory,
and you haven't broken me into pieces yet.

time and time again, though many have your name,
it madly flashes and strobes at my desk.

we will stand together outside while I stare forward tomorrow,
and if tomorrow is drifting sands, let them wash over me.

roof diving

there exists a small number of things that allow me to leave the house
I beg, whisper please, to her in the morning –
do not give me a reason, I would never want a reason.
However, my house is messy, and I may need to get a mop to clean it.

I see the wind outside but don't hear it,
a motion is in the leaves that I can't make any sense out of. I gather
myself and hurl forward only to fall back onto the bed, defeated. I
gaze backwards at the leaves for a while longer.

closing my eyes and imagining the dive, I smoke and cough.

She, my connection
moves me forward into purpose,
into my own, away from my drink.

One month ago,
the reflection in the puddle smashed under foot, rippled like shingles.

untitled #30

an upside down mask so I can see right through the mouth
I may now bludgeon my chore, my task

the metal has now turned green,
yet the calling horns are still working;
on my couch I hear them loud and clear.

the roach

on one end of the string he chews his poison, sucks it down
the roach, slowly growing fatter
dancing along the string

underneath the oven, he slowly approaches the visible floor,
sees a light searching back and forth,
with caution chews away,
while caution chews away.

wheezing forward he continues,
a path set for him, built for him
a setting for ambush, a final deception

stomping on the visible floor rattles his body, vaulting
up and down like a trampoline
the floor a spring

I nosedive towards the spring, she stomping wildly, and he vanishes.

1998

wandering back and forth are the pieces of stone set firmly
above the pond
I weave along and think of how easy it would be to trip and fall
into the water

I confuse my legs with one another going left to right.
going from stone to stone, crossing my legs, I breathe between steps.

I am hunting for something and
stealth may be mistaken, as standing tall,
as not avoiding any consequence,
as hazard walking.

a slip,
a quick and nimble recovery,
sending a beam of light to prey.

in my past I may have caught one in '98
the path less stable, more elusive
I caught her breath in a web...

so far there have been no strains
of hot air, of speech
containing this voice so familiar.

toughing along my field it's easy to know that this feeling may come
around, loose come around, strong catch around, the hooks in mouths
surrounding me.
the breath of prey quiet, forever sustained.

the three-way mirror

and I wake from a dream, a promise made waning
a street I am remembering
a broken bullet conquering

the roof above so secure, a solid rock
the giving tree now cracking
the broken remnants burning

as love passes through our lives, the creator blushes
when I feel so insecure, an arrow bursts through me
while cupid lies down in nightmare.

in the November cold, the rock is dry and sterile
and the street is made of the frozen dead,
and the smell of carrion is now deafened.

a breath of tomorrow

in a waking breath tomorrow, I am sick
in my stomach a shoelace knot
a certain guilt, tugging on my intestines to untie

on tomorrows feelings a dove is standing in my yard all by itself
eating and full, nearly toppling over on its skinny legs
for my life has become a balance like no other,
more like a pendulum skipping the center.
in exile I will circle the drain.

from waking there has become no difference
and the skies loom narrow, sink me into earth.
on the path of uncertainty, of warmth and dread, of fire blazing,
I close my eyes and scream.

Bear

When I heard the stories that justified hanging the food up a tree, hidden from the bear, I felt I might of known him already. For when abandoned, he never yearned for food less fresh. And I was young enough to believe that bears had no use for anything but peanuts and raisins. I was instructed that my gifts were all they had ever seen. I will tell you all about it now.

My issues laid strictly next to method, and if I am not a condition of processed food my bear will be. My food was of impotence and raw ocean seed.

Yet this seed has never followed me anywhere, to the Chesapeake bay. The stickers on the bumper were visible while driving across the bridge, while eating takeout seafood, from the trolling rigs ripping into the sand of the deep sea.

For the by-catch beckon call is a canopy of light, the dolphin caught in the can that we are far smarter than. Even as ordered throughout the world, if presented to the great bear, he would act no different than man.

I see it as it is destroyed, where I stood the bear had never tasted chocolate, even as the opponent drifting along the stream sees no different fate, no sudden factor except the desire to be eaten.

I walk, thinking of all of mine the bear could have if he wanted, my pack heavy, my bladder near exploding, while carrying both beyond the granite ledges, quartz shining. I leave the pack near dusk still feeling this way, like I had still never seen a bear, and never even been threatened.

I was desperate and bored, the landscape melting with the time, fantastically losing my power and human strength, and I left to piss. Few times have I felt this way, every path has been a new one so far, and this one felt so familiar.

The bear I've never seen before is now eating my raisins. He leaves my hanging bag of food alone while catching his first glimpse of me. He chases me and I can see his brown fur blending in with the trees when I manage to turn my blonde head.

Where I am there are few turns to make; I leave my pack behind. There is green on top the mountains you can't reach, and a constant draw towards the middle: the still walkable ground. I believe I am escaping, though his paws have more texture than my boots. He is climbing and descending and I am merely moving forward, my path thorned.

The thorns reach, and quietly follow when pushed back, slapping me on the knees. Where the path is not thorned I maintain a smooth and predictable journey into the cave of the bear. I know certainly I will be defeated, I lay there for him to defeat me.

In his cave I am relieved and held closely. He loves me like I am used to; as time moves slowly, he is calculating biting my face off. He has no food at home and always eats his meal on the spot of catch, more than my desire has ever been before.

He crushes the bones of the fish with his jaw, knowing the opportunity as a flush, quick grab. Measured in seconds, he grants himself a freedom from hunger as the red decaying fish jump to their finality, never to spawn or scare.

I watch this bear come and go, grumble, and begin speaking to him. The things he needs are not something I can gather better, but without me, the smaller spoon a stone.

I watch him as I set my string to a small tree along the creek, with worm hooked. He remarks that I must not know how to catch them. I catch no salmon but catch stream fish and feed them to him one by one until it is finally dark.

He loves me as a crab loves the chicken neck. He reaches for whatever I offer and I do not net him, I love the big spoon and he is giant.

I feed him fish and he keeps me safe.

Inside. Inside his armpit. Inside his breasts. Inside, his giant paws wrap around me; I know that he can catch fish far better than I. He and I fall deeper in his cave, and the dark brown bear never measures up his strength, and the cave keeps falling deeper with us. We are hidden and stuffing our faces with tiny fish.

We spend the next month living inside of this dream, at night I can feel him rarely interested. I have left my pack, and I see this reality straight and narrow, a simple truth.

One evening I am catching fish, eating only a few, and he seems bored with watching, having me do his work for this long. I can feel his breath from the bank, begging for a large silver salmon.

This migration was actually quite far, ending up around six miles from my original route, and subsequently closer to the sea. We were now close enough to the ocean to see a variety of fish swimming up to spawn, a rare occurrence when so much is dammed.

Previously I have seen almost all of them try, though on the Atlantic we killed the salmon this way. Men watched them, formatted to swim this certain path, running into concrete on their route.

Yet this bear has found a sullen cave near no dam. I relish, basically bathe in its simplicity. Bear catches fish, sleeps for long time.

It has been, by my markings, thirty four days living with a bear. My journey was only four days to finish when I abandoned it completely. This means that the season appropriate for hiking would have ended twenty days ago, also marking the appropriate time for hibernation.

Maybe he will not sleep, and hasn't ever met a human. I had little food but gave it to him immediately. Not only was our first impression magnificent, I was continuing to catch him fish every day.

This means that this bear is simply not interested in sleeping throughout the winter. I've always thought they had to, but my love, the busy bear, has no love for sleep or laze.

He cuddles against me in the same cave and has no interest in moving places. His needs are fulfilled by man now. Every night I lay afraid that he will fall into a deep sleep.

They really love to show you bears in weird ways: Smokey, Winnie.

I had been hiking trails for ten years, segmented, and if I had seen Winnie once it would have been more than a brown one.

They are true masters of take, and I had barely survived certainly before a glimpse of one. I have been more surprised by the devilish wild turkeys.

When I heard myself speaking English, it was a glimpse of everything I had learned in my life. I realized what I remembered and how I remembered it, from lessons and social acts. The history, the politics, the economics, are based on bad feelings from other people when you do the wrong thing, or better yet remember the facts incorrectly.

Who you are around is your all.

He never had a name to me, only spoke in motion, however loudly, and surprisingly never tried to kill me. He had skipped his sleep.

It had become six months when I realized his age. I was collecting long fibrous weeds to make rope when I saw another bear, possibly his spawn. This was the second bear that I had ever seen. He failed to notice me; I watched him for a long time, enough to notice vast motion of the sun. He was leaner than my bear and his fur was darker, shiny. He had just woken up and rubbed his eyes with his paws.

It was a few weeks after that when he wouldn't run or sleep. I would try and feed him fish, rodents, and wild nuts as my intuition, but he continued to skip his sleep and did not eat. As far as I was concerned it was yet another fault of man. A dog still trusts a man who ties him up to a post for days on end, and eventually stops barking and accepts its range. I did this to my love- the bear, the sweet old bear,

the true and hidden king.

I started my journey months after the abandonment of my last one, to save the bear that I had confused. My plan was to climb as high as I could and create a winter for him, finding him a haven to emulate his nature, yet I knew this would only be a work of man, a falsity.

I climbed to the top and suffocated in a spring.

the poison thread

walking, I swallowed a fly
red brick buildings laugh while I swing my head back
to look at them
their windows were covered mostly, a few breathing light

my old house is still a windowless temple
quiet and stern, a non-observer, in the beginning
I was asked too little from it

Cold today, and ahead

Cold today, and ahead

I tighten the braid and wrap my scarf. Off the shore
a thicket is calling to brush its hair.

while the pain is rising, I fold the paper smaller and smaller
The little rose, my guardian umbrella. She said
she may have shed a tear, yet I have shed my skin.

A slew of mountains make cover, breeze
in the valley, my bed left leaf covered and folded up fine
Slugging the phrase of doubt, of finding a little rose a home.

one minute

the bouncing rubber ball on a wooden block,
clicking slower and slower
from my view I only hear it, and if you speak to me about time,
I am not going to tell you anything new.

George Jones sits on my dashboard, I step on the pedal.
sixty, seventy, eighty miles per hour
the fences morph slowly by my side

changed lanes and am behind a large truck covered
with a canvas tarp
escaping its ties, the corner flags oscillate,
the bumper stickers about Jesus, life on the road, family values.

I have a beer hidden in a cup and I take a sip through a straw
in my silver truck.

man on a bridge

I pummeled into the corner of the building, sharp and deadly
the valley in my forehead appeared,
and will be scarred.

the man on a bridge leaning on the railing, watching the cars
pass under

is waiting to see what will become of me now;
the trolley behind him screeches around the turn.

cross-legged on the ground, my head leaking, I lean it upwards
and see right into his.

when the trolley passes I am sullen and watch his mind reel under
closed eyes.

he jumps, I scatter like a bleeding fly.

at the folded river

It began with strobing lights inside, and I arrived shortly as a
skinny beast. The faces of
elephants never chased, they built these giant muscles up,
they loudly moan an inflated threat to remain secure.

my dissolution, the muscles and thieves of them, I sweat as
my angel grasps for the war trapped inside of love.

the army general asked to never question him, his muscles,
yet I broke him down easily.

His silver plane flies above,
the lanes they more often and bother changing, a rose
calls me back to earth

Dive into the sea, straight from the window,
straight with water as my cushion,
straight down, and my wind flows only upward.

red water

the red water springs flowing like gravel
knowing now my name, and yearning, I believe it.

the root it pulls up water, a flood
I watch the wall of rock making red water, the taste of mineral
fills my cheek.

around a mountain breathing, erupting it's voice,
the granite protruding from the air, roadside.

and you may know it too, but you can't speak it, a dream where
you open your mouth and can
feel those muscles moving without a sound.
and you may need to speak to save your life.

welcome and pass right by me,
through my fingers,
the house is on fire,
a girl holding tusks
walks down my palm

in the air,
the sweet smell,
the stairs fall,
and I chase the ash,
wearing only what I own.

two bays

On Tuesday I sat in a Mcdonalds upstairs eating,
across the street in a building
a man arranges Mediterranean pastries
in a large window, wearing long hair, he takes their photos.
he struggled to get them in the right placement, the right light,
while my burger looked just fine.

the next week my headlights would hit the heavy fog as i climb the
hills of Nova Scotia by the
bay, reflecting intensely against the wall. A car would follow closely,
using my vehicle as his
guide; the animals, deer and cats, would wait to run across until my
car approached. I climbed
the muddy trail to the house and prayed the rain filled portals shallow.
the next day the caves inside the cliffs against the bay would warn me
with raging creeks to cross

the wind so strong and trees unmoving, they were almost sterile in
their dark green statue
I walked along rocks and twigs cracking

On Tuesday in between the tall structures the wind felt much different,
it formed these spiral tunnels to be lost in.
this vertical toilet knocked me to my knees on the sidewalk,
I had these heavy rocks
would pull them out to throw at glass

at the water i let my worries somehow escape in eminence, my skull
a grazing cow
a sensation strikes, so beyond accuracy it almost stunts my inhibitions
but arise my loneliness, that maybe the razorblade would help me
skip it
that maybe a bleeding emptiness will greet my invited sorrow
that maybe the hammer would finally fall

untitled #52

i love when rain surprises me,
when i can hear it begin, on the
metal cover of my candle

then it may move, to my forehead
to my hands, to my cigarette
when it becomes faster i see its little spots
all over the place.

when it covers more, of the wood of my stairs
like a virus of water across my yard,
i realize that looking upward may have served little purpose all along

and it gets stronger quite a bit,
my dog walks out and stares at the fence, I know
what it must feel like to not expect.

crack

hearing the helicopter and
seeing it in the puddle underneath me, the reflection so real
i might call it pure, like a lucid dream, but i know it's both real
and the opposite

there's a connection between what you hear and see like none other,
well i know there could be, and I know this helicopter is after me.

Staring at the chain link, the glass, it shatters in my mouth, and he
bought my stem.
and still this dwarfed helicopter wants me dead.
this man that bought me the rose, told me who is in it.

crashing me down, they want me dead
dirty like the rain, this horizon is actually blue, cause I've seen it a
few times
and know that it can't be as described.

because it's actually lighter than, and
brighter than incandescent, and i can hardly stand it.

the sun is my bright beginning,
and if his man, my man, is the man,
I'll write his number down.

soldiers

And maybe there is a voice to be heard now.
The critic hastily, and with ease,
Watches the falter, in her loud and drunken voice exclaims.

There is a revenge story to be blossomed
Into a movie, rivetted with fast cars.
And many men would kill her easily

My good men...
Fast driving cars, working like there may be
A job now to race one.

Fast dying are they, my beautiful men;
John you son of a bitch, you have served
My life, and seen my efforts sterilized.

Quick to the punch and even quicker on any rebuttal,
An argument between my good men may last double
Or triple, perhaps, than my loud and insolent small talk.

And when I say hello, I know that
You may ask me what my job is, where I'm from,
And I may tell you,
But you never will know a goddamn thing about me;
I've raised soldiers.

John stood tall like a redwood,
And miraculously she doesn't look a day over 17.
Her body has always been a drum, but inside
It pushes and pulls itself all around.
And John may stare down the block,
Moving his eyes up and down, up and down.

untitled #70

please don't take my hand;
if love is pain, and alcohol the only
thing to rid my headache,
then the astringent memory of once,
is now current dust.

please don't take my hand;
i think that maybe it would be best
if you didn't. if when lost we walk alone, in different directions,
then my love is an illness,
not to push forward any more.

please don't take my hand;
i am sick and dreary, and would never dream to, or
want to
 give you what I have.

cross

Somehow far behind, a table can still
feel more threatening than a loaded buckshot shell.
Then maybe I will not set it off, will finally
learn.

And somehow now I am at the same table,
Choosing to pull back the pin, only to
Scream like I've just been born.

My father laughing like,
We are far behind again.

the eye journal

Still trying so hard to decide what I like about them,
right front and center
with that hueing glow, her glowing spheres

Today a bit on the edge,
like really close, pebble to edge.
Today a bit like drowning while in air - still above wet stream canyon,
I am quiet while usually loud.

Questions break through my mind about them:

I find a loud and complicated system for retrieving answers for
questions that I already know the answers to, and plainly decide
that it would be best to keep my kind words to myself.

Wouldn't she know by now how big her eyes are? In what world has
she not already heard these things? What sort of world would it be if
I was required to tell her? If something moves you quite like this,
like a magnolia leaf falling slowly in the bright October orange,
you speak.

"How I do love your eyes."

It is June however, and the leaves are strong and green.

On my cliff of conscience I know just how easy it is to fall off, as
a little pebble descending with its weight.

I get so distracted that I fall in love with the possibility.

I sit still, my mind can't reach my body.

A man on wheels runs into me on the street,
never have I jolted so quickly and inefficiently, crashing right into
him.

I resume into my questions lying face down on the sidewalk next to
the stairs leading to my train.

I know good and well how many people there are and what most of their eyes look like.

How do mine compare? Shortly.

Barely have I thought about my own eyes in the twenty five minutes that they have been closed,

And it may as well be morning, because soon it will be, and I will soon finally sleep.

BREAK

In spirits I feel well - I started this yesterday. Although very busy, I still think about her eyes pretty often, along with how little I remember anything else about her face. If anything else stood out, it would be a fast and often attack of memory.

I imagine flowers in the sockets,
breathing light in and pollen out, all of the ground about it.
How itchy, face-turning-red, those flower-eyes would be.

I like to think about bowling balls in her head, they surely made them to look like an eye.

I like to imagine two of them lodged in her face.

I may have seen his special bowling ball, gloves, and shoes, my memory is seeing one in a blue leather bag.

BREAK

Realizing very quickly that my perspective is flawed and ever disintegrating - the gunk on dishes soaked in soap overnight, slowly breaking in the suds.

I am found often staring, unaware of myself, and all the while I think I know the other end very well as a recipient of stare, and how unpleasant their feelings may be.

Which brings to me to the reasoning that it may not be so important what I wear when leaving the house. I would wear only olive drab.

BREAK

This morning I drink cold black coffee from the night before. My lungs feel full of burnt sand that catches my throat as I breathe, raspingly opening and closing, desperate for relief and cleanse.

In the afternoon I hope to eat something and can't quite decide. Sometimes dullish thoughts that human beings are intelligent enough to create and destroy consume me.

This simple ignorant process creates all of these chickens palpably fated dead, with drained blood.

For mankind, eating animals and staring at women is okay and not to be thought about at all. We are forever eating and staring at the round giant eye of the world.

BREAK

In the afternoon I can't decide where to place all of my valuable time, and place it absolutely nowhere decidedly.

The explanation of unease is my all and my answer.

There has been some development with the change of weather surely interesting. The streets are completely full.

I see these houses that have contained their inhabitants for the winter perfectly, now emptying out onto the sidewalk and yacking people into the streets.

I see the men in ill-fitting and tight shirts and jeans, while knowing they live nearby and are refusing to stay in their homes.
Now everywhere there is bad fashion;
I hear lazy conversation on every corner.

It smells faintly of burning red charcoal, meat, and vegetables on every block. The little chickens sat alongside the milking cows, just to be cut into pieces and served one nugget next to another, none nugget met while alive.

I've written and thought about her eyes very little, though still too much.

This whole thing has me thinking that I have no control over what rolls around in my head. No one will ever know what it is, and I am almost included.

Often I am brought back to the mountains of West Virginia in the valleys, with streams weaving through crab apple trees. I fondly remember thinking of absolute nothingness. It is a lifelong success to have that benefit for even a moment.

I now believe that solitude is not real.

You plan on telling me you are alone, beyond no one knowing what you are thinking, beyond feelings, beyond the colors only you can see, beyond the crab apple clunk on your head falling from the cartoon piano light of the sun...

In all the world that I can prove, eyes looking into eyes do not compare to these questions!

This is a strange circumstance warranting a response that would attempt to explain everything that I have ever seen or eaten. These big eyes staring at me from the sky and answering questions quietly, are God apparently.

BREAK

The cliff is steep now
while following the ridges and slopes so closely.
The contour is familiar, yet a strange climb every time.

As immortal as it seems I struggle to keep the trail from ending;
every step is found more familiar yet strikingly demanding.

This slippery trail proves that my memory is failing constantly until
the very dire moment when it is important, while barely catching
myself from ceasing to exist. By now I should know the dangers upon
beginning my morning ascent further up the trail. I want to make it
denser:
impossible.

I still chase these eyes, as they race up the mountain,
and what they see must be better than what I see.
The grass is greener in her mind. Under her trees there is more shade,
smooth sunlight, and cool wind.

More than likely I am forcing my approach as a botched and
immediate translation, mimicked by no one or nothing.

With my advances, I find my previous thoughts unrewarding,
forgetfulness my savior. I soon forget what is so important, the sole
purpose of this steep excursion, the eyes: embedded in the front of
the head in all different colors, a blind man in tears.

Taking only one moment to see them grants an unbelievable presence
and an eventual reveal, a glimpse of the whale of God breaching above
the ocean that is just for me to see, because I stared right back at him
first.

Since a child, curse and shock have been my only expressions and closest to my politic. I ask if anyone has anything to say, or if they simply speak loudly, boasting. Digging through this past treasure, the golden slivers of my youth are made of misery, hopefully and eventually forgotten completely.

During the end of my day, I find a consumer of eyes, the final buyer. A price has been set and I will pay it, the sucker.

BREAK

in the ashes, a broken buyer rises.

When buying things, a small cog in an ever moving cluster of numbers of products moves inch by inch. I find the new, bright things.

A possibility arises that I could simply not live without spending, it is either infinity or zero, all or none, never in between the extremes. The only problem is I can't afford everything, which brings a slim difference between my laziness and denial, and the infinite factor recedes quickly.

I have many arguments about nothing;

They happen more and more, and I am a baby for candy, crying.

A source of aggression from never the subject at hand, from what is living in the darkness beneath. I shout nonsense applicably.

I yearn simply for the opposite the conversation, the broken word.

BREAK

I listened to news on the radio, in my car on the way home, all the while.

Paying close attention, I searched for any allegory and was fed cold fat in return.

I saw the tight pants men and women showing off their legs; I compassed the contingency, reaching to meet them. They seemed to want nothing to do with me.

This God is like nothing we have ever seen. The aliens on television always have the hazy, nebulous form, seeing the same colors out of their eyes as us, puzzled that they even see at all.

I look at my watch pretending to want to know what time it is, but I never want to know that,
instead I am simply late to everything.

When God comes, a rough and final discipline will follow, to certainly find me dumb, whispered, and babbled.

BREAK

Today a man instead,
His eyes are green with lightning white
the colors mixing all up in his sockets
deeply distract me and, as hers do,
make it difficult to get actual work done.

A church sign reads ‘do you want to be made whole, John 5:6’
and I do, I really do.

I drive past the sign and swerve into the curb, my mind wailing
“Absolutely yes I do”, wailing “What will it take?” That bible quote means nothing; does not tell you anything nor prove a damn thing. It states that one day you will find Him, and that’s when the true joy of life begins, the day when you are finally made whole.

I’ve found such wonder in descriptions, yet these formations quickly turn into a storytelling I want nothing to do with.
It turns out I don’t really want to tell a story and that maybe I have no love for the craft.

It's as if nothing is linear, instead a jumbled casserole that I base my decisions on. A hot, steaming, disgusting tuna casserole in which everything that I do is centered.

I dive into the casserole with all of my regular clothes on, a cannonball actually.
Let us swim:

It is a hot summer day. I am surrounded by my belongings. I am listening to a song. I am sitting, surrounded by distractions. Yesterday was a hot summer day. I spent it surrounded by my belongings. I listened to a song. I sat, surrounded by my distractions. The day before was a hot summer day... Truthfully it has been raining for the previous two days; the sun just came out a few moments ago, at 11:08 AM.

My casserole is filled with the same type of ingredients, and squared off portions are cut for each day. It doesn't read well or taste good. The past two portions have been wet and soggy. It's like the comic Peanuts, with the little dog that doesn't go inside his house when it rains, he just hangs out up there, soaking in the rain like my casserole. (It's such a funny idea for him to be on the roof of the doghouse instead of inside of it in the first place. He is so short, how does he even get up there? He hops the fence surrounding his yard all the time without a doubt.)

It is clear that a story could not be made out of this routine, and it bores enough that it would not be able to draw any sort of fiction either.

BREAK

Caught in the web of self are certain infrequencies

never reaching a point that is past movement,
therein I may never pass myself moving.
I feel as not alone, as one with all, after-all.
As in peace with the rest, I rest and sleep for far too long, about
thirteen hours luckily.

Any allotment of time has become a vicious enemy, I am racing to
complete its demands and drinking to cope with its rigid grips.
As the steam from my morning coffee lifts and flies into the air, I
reflect on all of my life.

It has become apparent that this is only important to myself, that
these certain feelings pertain to me exclusively, and are left under
a strange dusty blanket, peaking above it periodically.

Yet with propulsion, another new subject randomly confronts me. I
am concentrated on dimples, small but precisely round, and found
with her ego is a fluctuating, broken monolith, flopping like a whale.

BREAK

Today, a development of an often eye twitch where I open and shut
both of my eyelids repeatedly has reared its head.

BREAK

Complete exhaustion flaunts its pill, and dragging behind it is chaos
everywhere that I go.
Chaos, confusion, exhaustion...

I am exhausted by concentration; in just about everywhere I look I
find this sweltering collapse accompanying. The top of my brain is
drifting downward with the heat as my eyelids are drooping and
disconnecting.

In the morning I am spoken to by Jerry. He tells me he will shoot me with a shotgun.

I will return about nine thirty PM, at which time I almost hope he finds and chases me.

BREAK

I gaze at women like it's sinful, and I shouldn't be, nor should I ever, yet no one else around me seems to think that way, gawking and cat calling. Every time I actually talk about this I find myself beyond disinterest, it is useless and unfulfilling, and you should not stare at women.

The eyes, that I can discuss almost productively, with garbage vernacular, while carrying black bags filled with stale beer and soda, seeping down the legs of my pants, staining my skin. In contrast to literally everything else, I am not disinterested much more.

BREAK

The cat call is still surprising me, in the shallow depths of what it could possibly accomplish.

Let me preface this by saying that this will not surprise you.

Here are my notes from seeing one myself:

*Witnessed a cat call from across street
Man with oversized headphones yelling at
Gorgeous. aggressive, angry at a
Middle Aged African American Woman
Wearing dark green onesie*

What kind of world is it,

Where a coward, who cannot even see her eyes, yells at her anyways, or at all.

BREAK

It's in seeing a happy married couple fall into kiss, and then slowly resume tasks of eating and drinking, falling into boredom, that brings a certain peace to it all. All of those things happening back to back, one leading into the other, guiding them through days.

Doesn't it just make you feel like the wasp, violently stinging at these feelings?

A little wasp sting on their arms, I work my hands into the ground, digging out treasure and discarding it; I burn gold. I straddle the line between the fool's gold and real gold, and my fate lies in the expense of their difference.

I may have seen another couple straddling this line. The moment to look out for is when they can't quite figure out if the moment is worth a fuck or not. The moment in between is when you would have to be crazy to love, to be scared, to have any feelings at all.

This bore we have could be
a little tiny death,
a trick.

A trick in famine, losing the ground on which it stands, a sickly moment losing its girth. A sickly moment latching onto you like a tick, with drained blood inside.

A future completely discarded with the fake, shiny gold- a confusion of love.

I am not your baby, and I have no reason to be your baby, but I will be your baby, forever.

This notion of sitting and staring at people and judging, is a disgusting and uninvited perversion of their love.

With the weather being as it is these boring moments are fewer, with the distraction of the sun and sky taking over our lives- contrasting bleak winter.

Hungover and masturbating, I've yet to find the proper results for any of my searches inside of humanity no matter what the season is.

I walk and grab the air around me,
and sift through its dripping humidity, through each particle.
The sun is burning my skin, turning it red.
It is a hot summer day.

And as the sun works faster, I almost feel secure as part of the world,
as if this burning would happen to anything or anyone.

My hangover spreads throughout my body; as I've gotten older my hangovers have gotten worse because I drink more. My body is filled with whiskey and grease, churning slushes of different potencies, creating new concoctions of internal pain.

I remember when I first started drinking being welcomed to the dark side by a stranger, and it was immediately clear my future. I have been trapped, intoxicated, and sick ever since, alongside humanity's most rude and blurting passenger. It is with this sickness that I stare, eyes wide and bloodshot, directly into the giant eyes above and surrounding. It is with this sickness that my throat is closing.

This pain as beast proves a steep climb up his back, reaching behind himself awkwardly, attempting to catch me. I am a parasite on his back, grabbing at his fur and kicking my boots into his skin. This beast is taking no mercy, stealing from my wallet, watch, and tread.

BREAK

pieces of the word are still sputtering,
slashed and tattered emotions are woven into a fabric.
Broken pieces of words are still exploding from my canon mouth.
These sounds drift from my head to hers while this fabric is sewn to
my skin and immortalized.

In a church this canon is the organ, the rout, its giant pipes never
unnoticed. Mirrored as the voice of the lord, possibly its listeners are
afraid to remark it being too loud. For strangely everyone loves the
organ, a paling of our saint and his father, a creation of man.
The child sees a loud shiny thing in the rear of the room, shooting its
sounds from its horns, doesn't notice its manmade creation or
pragmatism. The Lord is the organ, the organ is the Lord,
loud and shining bright.

BREAK

There I sat, smoking weed in the barbershop, talking about the fattest
of asses, and the whole world was fat actually, people's faces and the
fat continents drifted in their seas. The faces were wider, growing
stranger with recollection.

It is widely assumed that there is less to life than there is. I feel this
daydream of people's faces morphing is a glitch, a portal into the
world where nothing is as advertised, where all of you look
differently, where my own pupils sit improper.

There it would lie, this beautiful world where I would ever be
surprised, an entertainment a little different than the day already was.
It would be the reason to blow the whole thing apart: a big bang if one
person looked awkwardly fatter, not as if designed by God.

I step out of the shower and fail to recognize which is sweat and which is water. My hangover produces a feverish sweat and a lateness to everything I have done today. I drink eight beers and sit down again. To romanticize a feeling like this is a true abomination, and I certainly couldn't. Maybe in its misery comes certain drive.

It is in desperation,
I soak overnight in feelings similar to these.
Moving from place to place, dreaming of a change in the city womb
for creation, this invisible time tells man when to do anything.

BREAK

Lost inside of my bed as my luxury attends me, I am rambling about wizards in my sleep. I have found that these dreams fulfill me as either a possible heaven or bugs eating my body. Knowing that I will never see a wizard is a constant reminder and truth.

I have found that the sensation of never knowing the end brings me closer to disregard, that it is not a good idea to tell her how pretty her eyes are, and that maybe she violently would oppose knowing. Possibly a forcefield is around her eyes, and when looked at in the mirror she sees the Hitler of eyes.

I walk with Jesus and his father, it is in my blood to trust in God and his fantastic organ anyways. It is in my blood, as I have been raised in the church, as I have long since been drug sick from Jesus and his love. The winds of heaven bring me closer upward, ripping into the air in a tornado of Christ. My bible is in my hand while the wicker chair tightly holds onto my ass.

The summer makes the wicker stick to me as the glue of its creation
stuck itself;
in a haze I agree to let it morph into my skin.

BREAK

Today another sweat breaks and it is in the pouring rain.
I reach indoors and turn on the stove and the hair dryer at the same time to dry myself, turning the room all red like the metal melting below in a form of The Hell.

I switch places with the red, hot metal.
A sun reaches me quickly through the sky yet keeps me soaking in the weakening armor that I am made.

It is not a relief at all to see the rain stop, mirroring my feelings of strong and wet.
Later, behind the clouds, the same giant sun shoots through them in bright colors.

BREAK

Welcoming and terrified of death, I stare at it straight and the feelings amount to nothing at all. At the end of the road comes this cliff I've been looking at, as the eyes stare back at me and tell me what I clearly cannot afford to lose by jumping off. A saxophone is singing me some shitty jazz music.

I wonder why my information has never amounted to actual fact, proven a single thing to me, sang me a pleasant remedy, or accepted any of my witty responses as nourishment.

I wonder why my skin has always burned and returned pale and white, why it has never kept a tan shade.
I wonder why my mind is closing, why every single breach into more knowledge includes the confusion of why it would be important to know any more of it at all.

My mind is now closed to facts as the shitty music hitting my ears is deafened and defeated; the sun beats down, drying my body and clothing. I reproach a clean blanket as the opposite of my ever falling fallacy. Grace is opposite of fact, opposite my home and sidewalk stride as an intruder- a person in the way carrying a black bag filled with beer.

BREAK

When I open my mouth to speak, to laugh, even to cough, I feel a false self.
My eye twitch feels forceful,
a yearning exclusion.

And when I talk and laugh the reasoning concerns me; I have nothing but obsession with distance and no one would ever know it because I am talking, consuming the great story, and either responding, ignoring, or both. The concern of what there is to gain from these occurrences proves dangerous: fight, flight, or shoot the chicken in its head.

I heard that today is the last day it will be hot out for some time. Earlier in the summer the heat was affecting me so deeply. Recently the heat has slowed to a would-be pleasant temperature if I wasn't in constant mental fever.

A constant fatigue, irritation, and bore that is accompanying late July makes ignoring the weather pretty easy actually. In fact, my spirits are broken regardless of season.

When the cloud covers the sun I am shivering and realize the temperature, reminded that there is more to life than my internal struggle to explain things. It is the twenty third and should not be this cold. I grew up in a place where there was never this sort of

break from the heat, or from the thick, humid air.
When the sun escapes the cloud I find myself no refugee.

Telephone

*Living in a telephone
Following the distressed signal, my spirit lives
In a constant limbo, a journey of the sound
The lady is speaking to me through the wax
It feels like what uninterrupted love would feel like
My thin signal faint and waning, hers crystal clear
Loving through the wire coming from my ears, sending into air
Loving this wire, the passage, the vessel of signal
This figure is giving me her love to replace my fear
Of the signal, finally disappearing*

BREAK

I first see a lady standing next to scaffolding, resembling her holding a leash of steel from her light brown arm.

In a passenger seat I move objects around forcefully, the empty cigarette box is heavy moving and the seatbelt is pulling me from next the window as I move a dirty sock from my seat.

I happened to find my theology, and have been granted access to my church. The trash is surrounding my feet and I have no interest in moving it. I am driven from the highway onto the street, and view a church sign reading 'Labor for God is not in vain,' while quickly realizing that myself still being awake is quite the labor in itself.

Moreover my eventual shower did little to nothing and the trash moved inside my body, the hamburger boxes rose in my stomach. Slowly they crept up and into my mouth, leaving my body.

My hands feel large like my imagination. They greet life like inside of the fire. A little ember rises in magic. The night falls and it is cold.

Out on a little tiny cot well asleep,
a little tiny pebble slowly waned me into it,
my dreams are so many that I am surprised and curbed by the moments they produce. In a while something slaps me right in the face, either a bright memory or a terrifying unordinary one. I wake and the heat is dry, easy, and calm. I immediately forget every single one of my dreams.

The day approaches and there is nothing that I am supposed to be doing. I forget that I have ever been obsessed with a woman's eyes for even a moment.

END



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